

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



"WHAT IS THE MATTER, FATHER? YOU SEEM OUT OF SPIRITS."

HIS ONLY ENEMY.

BY MRS. ARNOLD, AUTHOR OF "BETTER THAN GOLD."

CHAPTER I.—IN DANGER.

QUARRY FARM was a substantial-looking house, built of rough, grey stone, and took its name from the fact of there being an extensive quarry in its neighbourhood. It belonged to the estate of Raeburn Manor, and was situated about half-way between Deanfield and Squire Raeburn's

fine old mansion and park. The house was approached by a short tree-shadowed lane that wound up from the main road, thus giving it the advantage of greater quiet and seclusion. The wicket-gate opened into a garden gay with many-tinted flowers, and enclosed by a high privet hedge that looked like a compact green wall. The well-kept gravel-walk led up to the front door, which stood within the cool shadows of a trellis-work porch, draped with honeysuckle and jasmine. There was an air of quaintness

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about the big casement windows, with their diamond-shaped panes; verdant creepers covered the grim old walls, climbing up even to the eaves, under which the swallows built their nests. There could be no question that Quarry Farm was very pleasant to visit, everything was in such prim order, and so faultlessly clean and pure, from the best parlour, which was seldom opened except on state occasions, down to the cool dairy and the great cheerful kitchen. There was the large white dresser, whose spotless purity illustrated the state of perfection that could be attained by patient, persistent scrubbing; the same might have been said of the glittering array of polished tins. Then there was the quaint wooden settle, with chintz-covered cushions; but the crowning glory of Farmer Chiffin's kitchen was the huge old-fashioned fireplace, which on winter nights sent out a glow such as could only come from an English hearth. Everything about the farm seemed to be prosperous, and all the live stock had a sleek, well-fed look, from the cows in the grazing fields, the four horses hard at work ploughing—their glossy coats flecked with foam—and the fat brown mare in the paddock, down to Rip, the mastiff, and the big yellow cat, who was called Ginger, possibly in allusion to the colour of its fur.

Farmer Chiffin was a widower, with a family of four, a daughter and three sons. His wife had died after giving birth to twin boys, leaving three other children. The youngest, a fragile little girl of five, who had been the beauty and pet of the household, sickened and faded like a flower, and was laid to sleep beside the mother, in the winter of the same year. This double loss was sorely felt by the husband and father. Even after many days, when time had done its healing work, it remained to him a life-long sorrow. The twin babies had lived and thrived, and were now fine sturdy lads of seventeen, giving no end of trouble to their sedate sister, Sarah, who managed her father's house, and was generally indispensable to every one about the farm.

Sarah Chiffin was just ten when her mother died. It was seventeen years since she had stood in her black frock beside her mother's coffin, bending down her little awe-stricken face to leave her farewell kiss upon the dead lips, which had never spoken any but gentle words to her. Then, in the snow-time, her little sister Hettie had gone to sleep in the same sad way, looking cold and white, like mother. The dread mystery of death, brought thus early into the child's life, took strong hold of her mind, and was not without its influence in forming her character. She was now her father's darling, for he had transferred to Sarah most of the love he had lavished upon poor little ailing Hettie. Still, the dead child lay nearest to his heart. Their sister was regarded as an oracle by the twin boys, as well as by William Chiffin, who was only two years younger than Sarah.

It was a matter of surprise to most of the village folk that handsome Sally Chiffin should have lived to seven-and-twenty without changing her name. Not that there had been any lack of suitors. The miller's nephew, several well-to-do farmers' sons, and Squire Raeburn's steward, had each in turn been suspected of tender fancies in the direction of Quarry Farm, but nothing had come of any of them. There were not wanting those among the village gossips who predicted that Sally Chiffin would be Sally Chiffin to the end of her days.

The substantial family tea was ready in the cheer-

ful kitchen, and some minutes had elapsed since Nancy had rung the large handbell, which was always used whenever any of the family were absent, working on the farm; but neither Farmer Chiffin nor his sons had come in to take their places at the well-spread table, though punctuality was one of the strictest laws in the Chiffin household. Nancy had gone to assist Susan, her fellow-servant, who was busy in the dairy, so their mistress had the kitchen to herself, with the exception of Ginger, the big yellow cat, who sat on the arm of his master's chair, purring and expectant. Sarah had taken her usual seat before the tray. There was a grave, thoughtful look on her face, as she sat with her chin resting in her hand. She looked very handsome, even in her homely dress, which was almost Quaker-like in its plainness. She wore no ornaments except a small gold brooch, that fastened her demure-looking linen collar. Her head had no adornment except its own wealth of dark hair, woven into shining plaits, that formed a very comely crown.

"Miss Sarah looks like one of those pictures I saw up at the Manor, only I think she's prettier." This was the opinion which Susan confided to Nancy, after she had been to the kitchen to ask some question about the churning.

Will Chiffin was the first to make his appearance. He seemed surprised at not seeing his father and the boys. Will was a fine stalwart young man, with a clear, open face, laughing blue eyes, and altogether worthy of selection as a splendid type of his class.

"Hasn't father got back yet, Sally?"

"No, but I'm expecting him every moment, for he said he would be back in time for tea. But where are Ben and Joe?"

"They will be here presently. I gave them leave to run down and see the match between the Deanfield Cricket Club and the eleven of Wareham. I had quite forgotten that it took place to-day, until I saw a party from the Manor drive by on their way to the cricket-ground." As he spoke, he drew a chair to the table and sat down, then glanced at the old-fashioned eight-day clock in the corner. At that moment they heard the joyous barking of Lion, and a few minutes later a large black retriever bounded into the kitchen, followed almost immediately by his master. Lion established himself in front of the farmer's chair, thereby giving offence to the cat, who put up his back in protest against the intrusion, and would not be reconciled to the dog's presence until his master took his place in the big arm-chair. The head of the Chiffin household was a man about fifty-five, but he looked some years younger. Perhaps it was the effect of his cheery, good-humoured face, with its fresh, hardy colour, like the well-preserved bloom of a ripe apple. It was soon apparent to Sarah and her brother that their father was not himself. His jokes and laughter usually gave a pleasant flavour to the family meals, but that evening he was gloomy, silent, and abstracted, as if some trouble was burdening his mind. Sarah knew he had been to the Manor to see Squire Raeburn about the renewal of a lease of a large piece of grazing land. After watching him for some minutes, she laid her hand upon his arm, and asked, "What is the matter, father? you seem out of spirits. Is it that you are tired? or has anything gone wrong between you and the squire?"

"Neither one nor the other, my dear; it has been

an idle day for me, so I can't complain of being tired; as for my business at the Manor, it turned out much better than I expected, for I have got the land on the old terms. I should have been home long before this, but I thought it a good opportunity to drive round by Fernside and look at the pony. I'm almost sorry that I went; yet, in one sense, I'm glad, for I think my going gave some comfort to her."

"Comfort to her!" repeated Will Chiffin, in a surprised tone. "Are you talking about Miss Charity, father?"

The farmer glanced at his son as if the question had astonished him.

"To be sure I'm not. What put such a notion in your head? Miss Charity, indeed; she'll never want comfort from any one, no matter what trouble she may be in; for she has a wonderful self-reliant spirit of her own. I was speaking of her niece, Ruth Holland; it will be very hard upon her, as well as the old man."

"Oh, father, do tell us what has happened?" exclaimed the brother and sister together, Sarah getting up from her seat in her excitement.

"It's trouble, children—trouble that none of them looked for, except it might be Martin Crosse himself. I can't say whether he knew beforehand that the storm was coming, but if he did, it was no less a shock to him. When I arrived at the cottage this afternoon he was just coming out of a fainting fit; he was lying on the floor looking like death, and the letter which had done the mischief was lying on the carpet beside him, just where he had dropped it when he fell. I helped Ruth and her aunt to lift him on to the sofa. Poor fellow! I was not surprised at his breaking down when I learned the news that was in the letter. It had come to tell him that he had lost everything he had in the world."

"How dreadful!" murmured Sarah. "But perhaps it is not true."

"I'm afraid it is, Sally, for it seems the poor simple gentleman has been persuaded to invest in some mine. I couldn't make out whether it was silver or lead, but whatever it was, it turned out to be a swindle. It was an evil day when Martin Crosse began to speculate, for though he is clever enough in his own way, he is no business man, and is easily misled. Unless I'm very much mistaken, he is a bad one to bear trouble; but it's a blessing that he has got Ruth Holland to be a daughter to him, as I said to Mr. Mosely."

"Was Mr. Mosely at Fernside, father?" questioned Will; but the farmer, instead of answering him, turned to his daughter.

"How is it that Ben and Joe are not here, Sally?"

"They have gone down to see the cricket-match, father."

As he made no further remark about the absent youths, merely glancing at the clock, Will repeated his question, after explaining that he had given them permission to go.

"Was Mr. Mosely at Fernside?"

"Yes, I left him at the cottage; he seems determined that none of the family shall be in want of a friend while he is in the neighbourhood. He's a far-seeing young gentleman, if what I suspect is true. It's my opinion he wants to win for himself our pretty Fernside flower."

Will laughed, but Sarah looked very serious, as she said, "I hope he won't succeed, for I don't think he is worthy of her."

"He seems a very good-natured fellow, and is said to be very rich," remarked the farmer, glancing at his daughter, as if to ascertain the real motive of her objection to the squire's handsome nephew. She saw the glance, and answered it with a smile.

"He may be rich, father, but I do not think him good-natured."

"Sally's right there, father, for I saw him one day lashing his little terrier with a riding-whip without pity, while the poor little thing lay writhing and moaning at his feet. When I asked what it had done, he said it had not come to him when he called, and added, for my further enlightenment, that he exacted implicit obedience from everything that belonged to him, and that his horse Rennet had found that out."

"Well, I must confess myself deceived in him, Will; and after what you have told me, I should be very sorry to see Ruth Holland married to him, for she is a favourite of mine; still it is quite possible that he might make her a good husband. I could not help noticing this afternoon that he made himself quite at home, as though he knew he was privileged."

At this point Farmer Chiffin stopped abruptly; his attention had been suddenly attracted by the dog Lion, who had quitted his luxurious position at his master's feet, and now stood on the hearth-rug looking unmistakably aggressive, curling his lips and showing a formidable display of teeth. There was no noise beyond a low threatening growl, for Lion showed discretion in his anger, and seemed fully impressed with the weight of his canine responsibilities as guardian of the house. This was Lion's special department, the farmyard being the charge of the big mastiff Rip.

"Down, Lion. What is the matter, old fellow?" and Will Chiffin gently patted the dog's head as he added, "I think he must have heard a strange foot-step. We may trust Lion to distinguish between the approach of a stranger and any one belonging to the farm; he rarely makes a mistake. Ah, I thought so."

This was said in a lower tone as he turned his face towards the open door and saw a tall man's figure casting a shadow across the sunny threshold. It was a stranger who stood looking in upon the pleasant domestic picture, which evidently impressed him. He was a man who had passed middle age; rather a striking face, with large, well-marked features and acute, keen, grey eyes. Will decided at once that it was not a Deanfield face. He felt puzzled to account for its unexpected appearance at the door, but it did not strike him as being unfriendly or forbidding, though Lion seemed to have taken strong offence at sight of the stranger. Sarah's glance followed that of her brother, and her quick feminine eyes seized upon certain little details connected with his dress and general appearance. He was clad in the favourite grey tweed of the pedestrian tourist, with the inevitable bag slung over his shoulder, while his dusty boots showed that he had travelled a considerable journey on foot.

Apologising for his intrusion, he asked them to oblige him with a drink of milk, as he had walked many miles that day in the heat and dust, and was suffering from such excessive thirst that he felt compelled to stop and ask, being glad to waive all ceremony for the chance. "I ask for milk," he added, with a half-deprecating smile, "but I shall be very glad of a glass of water."

This was a well-directed appeal to Farmer Chiffin's hospitable instincts.

"Nay! nay! We are never without a draught of milk. You shall have it and welcome; but perhaps you would prefer a cup of tea?"

The stranger replied that a drink of pure country milk would be more to his taste, and that it was both a novelty and a treat to townspeople.

Sarah at once went and fetched the milk, with a slice of home-made cake. The farmer pointed good-humouredly to a chair, of which the stranger readily availed himself. He exchanged some civilities with the hospitable farmer about the weather and the crops, talking with the confident ease of one who had travelled and seen much of the world. There was about him a certain tone of self-assurance that did not recommend him to Will Chiffin, who felt disposed to resent the man's cool manner of scrutinizing his face. From the first he had a consciousness that he was being subjected to a keen, searching examination on the part of the intruder; and when he found that it was renewed from time to time, he felt a rising irritation, which at last found expression in his curt question, "Did you say you were going to Deanfield?"

"Yes."

"Then you have come out of your way."

"I know it; but as it is scarcely a quarter of a mile from the high road, I am not sorry, after the kind reception I have received. However, I must confess that I had another motive in coming, besides the desire of getting a drink. I thought it likely that I might see some one I knew."

"Then you have some friends in this neighbourhood?" interjected the farmer.

"Well, no; hardly a friend. But I am seeking for a young fellow known by the name of Mike Harris, and I thought it possible that he might be working on your farm."

The courteous tones of the speaker made Will feel a little ashamed, for it contrasted so strongly with his own ungracious manner in reminding the man that Quarry Farm was not on the way to Deanfield. There was less stiffness in his tone as he replied, "We have no one of that name on the farm, but it seems familiar to me; is the man a farm-labourer?"

At this point the attention of everybody was arrested by a noise outside, which resulted in the tumultuous entrance of the two absentees, whom it was impossible not to identify as members of the same family.

The nature of the stranger's reception seemed to have allayed Lion's suspicions concerning him, and the advent of the lads had the effect of completely restoring his good-humour. He greeted them with a short, joyous bark, and repeated thumps of his great tail on the floor. The cause of their excitement was that the Deanfield Club had won the match. As soon as they had taken their places at the table, and after passing recognition of the stranger, Farmer Chiffin returned to the inquiry that had been made.

"Joe, Ben, do either of you know a man called Mike Harris?"

"Harris!" said Joe, as if trying hard to think. "Harris! No, I don't know him."

But Ben struck in triumphantly, "Yes, Joe, you do. Don't you remember Beanstalk, as we used to call him, who worked for Farmer Howe, of Greenfields. His real name was Mike Harris."

"Oh, yes, to be sure, I remember Beanstalk; but it's nearly two years since he left Greenfield Farm."

The stranger struck in eagerly, addressing himself to Ben. "That's the man I'm seeking, my lad. Have you seen anything of him lately?"

"Yes, I saw him about a fortnight ago. He was working at Harford's factory."

"Where's that?"

"You pass it on the high road, just before you get to Deanfield. But Beanstalk left there a few days since, and has gone to London; but I forgot, he told me not to tell any one."

The man smiled, and muttered to himself in a tone of disappointment, "It's strange they all choose that place to hide in. He's escaped me this time, but, never fear, I'll have him yet."

A few minutes later the stranger quitted Quarry Farm, after repeating his thanks for the hospitable kindness he had received. Glancing back at the house, whose quaint grey gables were warmed with a glory from the setting sun, he said to himself, "They are kind, simple souls, and I'm thankful it is no one belonging to them that I'm after."

Half-an-hour's brisk walk brought him in sight of Deanfield, or rather, its church spires, for he had still about three miles to go before he would reach the town, but he was glad to see that most of the way, from the spot where he was resting, lay downhill. He had just resumed his journey, when a young gentleman, whom he had seen coming along the road, walked by, and entered the grounds of the solitary old house that crowned the summit of the hill. The stranger glanced carelessly at him as he passed, stopped suddenly, and, turning round, watched him with a half-puzzled look until he disappeared. Then a gleam of triumph lighted up his eyes, and he muttered, excitedly, "I'm sure of it, as sure as I am that my name's Thomas Rodgers." Seeing a man close by, trimming the hedge, he hastened up and addressed him. "Can you tell me the name of the gentleman who passed a moment ago and went into that house?"

The man stared at his questioner for a few seconds, then replied, in a slow, deliberate manner, "Tell 'e his name? O' course I can. Why, it's Maister Maurice—Maister Maurice Harford."

The stranger thanked him, and turned away in the direction of the town, muttering under his breath, "Before many more hours pass over his head, Master Maurice will be my prisoner."

THE KORAN AND THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. T. ROBERTSON, OF BEYROUT.

I.

THE religions of the world, with the numbers of their professors, are commonly set down, in round numbers, as follows:—

Judaism	8 millions.
Christianity	353 "
Mohammedanism	120 "
Brahminism	120 "
Parsism	1 "
Buddhism	483 "
Fetichism	189 "

1274 millions.

It would thus appear that the religion of Mohammed is professed by about one-tenth of all the people on the earth's surface. Dating only twelve centuries

back, it numbers as many adherents as Brahminism, whose origin lies far back in a misty antiquity. Coming into the world at a time when Christianity had been seated for some centuries on the Imperial throne, in an incredibly short space of time it overthrew both the Christian empire and its rival, the Persian, and established a sway greater than the Cæsars had ever wielded. Its converts do not number more than a fourth of those of Buddhism; but, unlike that religion, it has not confined its conquests to one quarter of the globe, but counts its adherents in all the four great continents. When the first streak of dawn falls upon the eastern shores of Asia, the Mohammedan Malay turns his face towards Mecca and offers his morning prayer; and as the light steals westward over the continent, it falls upon thousands of minarets in India, Persia, Arabia, and Turkey, from which is heard the muezzin's voice proclaiming, in clear and solemn tones in the stillness of the dawn, "God is most great. I testify that there is no deity but God. I testify that Mohammed is the Apostle of God. Come to prayer. Come to security. Prayer is better than sleep. God is most great. There is no deity but God." From Zanzibar on the south to the banks of the Danube and the steppes of Tartary on the north, the same voice is heard; and westward to the remotest shores of Africa it is repeated, and responded to by pious worshippers. Even in the New World there are not wanting votaries of this religion, which thus five times daily encircles the globe with a continuous stream of prayer. The creed that took its rise among the Arabs, that is in many points pre-eminently Arabic in its character, and carries the Arabic language with it as it advances, has gained its converts from among very different races of various tongues. Jews and Christians have been brought under its power, the Turks were conquered by it when they had conquered the race that made them acquainted with it, the Persian fire-worshipper and the Indian idolater have submitted to its sway, and it has extended its conquests among the Fetish-worshippers of Africa.

It is, therefore, with no common interest that one is drawn to the study of the Mohammedan religion. Its interest is not only for the antiquarian searching into the records of forgotten events, for it took its rise in historic times, and has not lost its vitality in our own age. Nor can the Christian missionary class it with other religions of the world which are to be subdued by the power of the gospel, for the attitude it assumes towards other religions is altogether singular. Nor only in distant lands and among uncultivated nations have its triumphs been seen; but it has penetrated into the heart of Europe, and made itself felt in the midst of Christian civilisation, and remains as an element of solicitude to politicians and diplomats. It is still seated on the throne of the Shah of Persia, and on that of the Sultan of Turkey, affecting powerfully the counsels of all the Cabinets of Europe; and though no longer on the throne of the Great Mogul in India, it gives no little uneasiness to British statesmen by its presence and influence among the teeming millions of the peninsula. Neither as a faith nor as a political power has it become effete. Its emissaries are going hither and thither among the tribes of Africa and in the distant islands of the sea, propagating its doctrines; its professional expounders exert no inconsiderable influence in the governments of those countries where

it is professed; and but a few years ago were heard ominous rumours of a return to Mohammedan unity and of a revival of its pristine zeal, which awakened anxiety in the minds of all who knew what its previous history had been.

Up to a comparatively recent period the religious system of Mohammed was very imperfectly understood. A power which had produced the most devastating effects in the sacred lands of ancient Christendom naturally inspired a feeling of horror among Christians, and the bloody and long-continued conflicts of the Crusaders with the Saracens only deepened the feeling of aversion with which Mohammed and his religion were regarded. If Mohammedan mothers awed their children into silence by exaggerated descriptions of the Crusading leaders, it was only natural that the soldiers of the sacred host, on their return to their Christian homes, should have drawn highly-coloured pictures of the terrible infidels against whom they had fought. And so it came to be the fashion to ascribe to Mohammed and his followers not only the most revolting vices and cruelties, but even the most degrading idolatry, and his name could scarcely be mentioned without the addition of the most opprobrious epithets. At the time of the Reformation, Romanists and Reformers seemed to vie with one another in their eagerness to invent names of reproach, which they freely bandied about between themselves, according as they could detect some resemblance between Mohammed's teaching and the doctrines held by their opponents. From Luther's time down to our own days, the names "impostor," "liar," "deceiver," are some of the mildest that have been bestowed upon the founder of this religion, who is supposed to have pretended to work miracles, and to have claimed worship from his followers; and many readily believe that any vices of which Mohammedan peoples are guilty are directly traceable to the Koran, if not actually enjoined by it. Whatever may have been the vices that stained the life of the prophet, and the excesses that have been committed by his followers, it should be remembered that he himself ever protested that he was no miracle-worker nor superhuman being; that his great mission, as he proclaimed it, was to abolish idolatry and to call men to the worship of one God; that he assigned to Jesus the highest place as a prophetic teacher next to himself, and asserted the authority of the Old and New Testaments; and that precepts might be quoted from the Koran in support of all the great principles of the Moral Law.

On the other hand, if the research of modern scholars and the prevalence of a spirit of more just historical inquiry have combined to set in clearer light the origin of a movement that ranks among the most potent in the world, and the character of a system that has been hitherto imperfectly comprehended, a tendency has become apparent, by a common process of reaction, to magnify events into undue importance, and to assign to the founder of this religion a higher place than he might have attained had his claims not been so stoutly controverted. It is just as unfair to regard Mohammedanism as the ally and auxiliary of Christianity, as to make it the synonym for all that is evil. An impartial examination of the two religions will show that they are not only dissimilar but opposed, and that only by the one or the other abandoning its essential elements can the two be classed as allies. Yet this does not necessarily imply that Mohammed was in error throughout, nor does it preclude the fact

that he taught much that is calculated to do good, and effected great reform in his own age and among his own people. An erroneous and imperfect religious system partly agrees and partly disagrees with the truth, and must therefore be inconsistent with itself; and the more Mohammedanism is considered, the more will this become apparent in regard to it, so that, as a recent writer has described it, "it is at once the truest of false religious systems, and the deadliest antagonist of the truth itself."* An exclusive regard of its more glaring evils—to which, it must be confessed, our knowledge of the immoralities and corruptions of modern Mohammedan nations renders us liable—is apt to hide from view more deeply-seated and insidious elements of evil which it contains. On the other hand, an indiscriminate admiration of a religion which certainly was far in advance of the ideas of the men to whom it was first proclaimed, is apt to leave out of view its radical defects, and so to leave unexplained the corruptions which have invariably followed in its train. It becomes, therefore, all the more necessary on such a subject neither to praise nor to blame indiscriminately, but to see what elements of truth lie in the system, and where its deadly danger lies; and if the founder of it was in any measure sincere in his endeavours to reach the truth, it will thus the more clearly appear how his efforts failed, and what evils have come to the world through his failure.

The name "Mohammedanism," as used to denote the religion taught by Mohammed, though not inaccurate as a designation, may be misleading, and it should be observed that it is a name never used by the professors of that religion themselves. The name "Christianity" correctly expresses the meaning of a religion that was not only taught by Christ, but has Christ himself for its great subject. In such a sense the term Mohammedanism would be a misnomer. The prophet of Arabia did not claim to be an object of faith or worship, but simply to make known a revelation which he had received; and high as his followers esteem him, they never call themselves by his name. Ask the Turkish *caiquegi* on the Golden Horn, or the Arab camel-driver of the desert, what his religion is, and with a reverent glance upwards and a fervent ejaculation, "Praise be to God!" he will tell you he is a *Muslim*. This name—the plural of which is *Muslimin*, from which, by a corruption, we have *Mussulman* in our own language—denotes one who has received the religion which Mohammed taught by the name of *Islam*, a term which therefore is the true counterpart to Christianity. The word is from the root *salam*, having the general meaning of peace or rest, and denotes resignation or submission; not only acquiescence in the will of God, but acceptance of the faith that God has revealed; and so among *Muslimin* generally it is used as an equivalent for "the faith."†

This, then, is the bond uniting all Mohammedans throughout the world. There are not wanting differences among them as to the interpretation of the religion which they profess. No creed exhibits more or more widely-divergent heretical sects, and blood has been shed and kingdoms rent in sunder

over their quarrels. But they all claim to be *Muslimin*, or receivers of Islam; and, though divided into many nationalities and far separated from one another, they possess in the Koran, which contains the revelation of the faith, a bond that makes them all one. The time was when the whole body of the Faithful was one compact phalanx, without heretical sect or recalcitrant member. That time did not last long, and the civilised world need not wish to see it return. The broken fragments have, however, adhered to the Koran as the rule of their faith and practice, and vie with each other in their reverence for the sacred book. Wherever Islam goes the Koran is found in its own native tongue, the Arabic; for it may not be translated into profane languages. To many who profess belief in it, it is a sealed book, because they cannot read, or because it is written in a tongue they do not understand; but the propagation of the religion has led to the study of the language, and the ambition of every devout Muslim, who makes any pretension to learning, is to read the Koran in the sacred tongue. Read publicly in the mosque, studied and commented on by Ulama and Softa in the high school and college, taught to boys in the little schools of the mosques, committed entire to memory by blind sheikhs, chanted in the house of the dead, repeated in snatches on all solemn occasions, appealed to as the highest authority in law and theology, the Koran is everything to the Mohammedan, and in some places it is the only book the people possess.

One of the great mistakes that Mohammed committed was, that, in speaking of Judaism and Christianity, he formed his opinions of those religions from what he saw of their professors around him. Not having the ability or wanting the will to examine these religions directly, he gave a very distorted representation of them, based on what he had seen and heard among people who neither knew well nor practised faithfully the truth they professed. A similar mistake has been fallen into by many who have formed their opinions of Mohammedanism from the practices of some of its modern professors, and would make its founder responsible for all the evils which his followers have committed. Judged in this way, Christianity itself would be sadly misrepresented, for the world has been the witness of the most revolting cruelties perpetrated by those calling themselves Christians and in the name of the pure truth which they profess. But just as we should not direct an inquirer into the truth of Christianity to the corruptions of the Middle Ages or the horrors of the Inquisition for an exhibition of the faith and the life of the gospel, so we should not make Mohammed responsible for the blighting influence of Turkish misrule and the stagnant corruption of Persian oppression, till we ascertain clearly that these evils have their essential root in Islam. Mohammedanism has had its civilisation as well as its barbarism; it is only by an examination of the Koran itself that we can see whether civilisation has existed by virtue of Islam or in spite of it. The professor of a religion should be tested by his religion, not the religion by its professor; and if it is generally the case that one is worse than his creed, it has not unfrequently happened that one has risen above it.

The existence of Islam is a great standing fact in the world, and its relation to Christianity is of a peculiar kind. It is deeply interesting to trace the influences which both religions have exerted in the

* Freeman, "History and Conquests of the Saracens."

† Deutsch, misled by his "much learning" in Talmud, gives another meaning of the word, based on a Rabbinic usage of the root, by which he would make a Muslim "one who strives after righteousness with his own strength." But though this may be one of the meanings of the word, there seems no evidence that either Mohammed or his followers used the word in that sense.

world, the means by which they seek to propagate themselves, and the attitude in which they stand to one another and to the world. But before considering them as they appear on the broad field of history, we must look at the statement of them in their authoritative books. Islam may have, like Chris-

tianity, undergone perversions and corruptions in the hands of its professors. We must look at it as Mohammed himself taught it if we would see its true starting-point. And this we can only do in the light of the prophet's history and of the circumstances in which he was placed.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S GREEK ANTIQUITIES.

BY THE REV. W. F. WILKINSON, RECTOR OF LUTTERWORTH.

I.

IN the "Leisure Hour" for July, 1874, we gave, under the title of "Trojan Antiquities," an account of the discoveries made by Dr. Henry Schliemann, in the north-western corner of Asia Minor. This region, situated between the Hellespont, or Dardanelles, and the Egean Sea, has been known from a very early age by the name of the Troad, as being the acknowledged territory belonging to ancient Troy, and the scene of the famous Trojan War. Dr. Schliemann's explorations, effected by excavating the summit of a low hill, called, in the Turkish language, Hissarlik, or the Fortress, brought to light the ruins of walls and buildings, and innumerable objects of various character and material—weapons, utensils, and ornaments—which satisfied him, and, eventually, most of the antiquarians of our time, that he had found the veritable site of the city of Troy, the exact locality of which, and indeed its very existence, have been for a long period subjects of dispute among historians and geographers. Circumstances having rendered impracticable the continuance of his investigations—which, however, he still has hopes of being able to resume—he turned his attention to another region famous in classical antiquity, and having a very close historical connection with Troy. This is a district in the Morea, or Southern Greece, the ancient Peloponnesus, now part of the modern kingdom of Greece, containing the ruins of the cities of Argos, Tiryns, and Mycenæ. His success in this new scene of antiquarian research has been equal to that attained by him in the Troad. And the information which he has liberally supplied, at first through letters in the "Times" and other newspapers, will enable us to place before our readers the principal results of his operations. But it will, we think, conduce materially to the interest, or even intelligibility, of our report and our extracts from Dr. Schliemann's communications, if we preface them with a brief notice of the events, characters, and places illustrated by his discoveries. Even those whose education has rendered information on these subjects superfluous, will perhaps not unwillingly follow a recital which, necessarily meagre and imperfect as it must be, cannot but recall to their memory the whole range and the finest examples of the glorious poetical literature of ancient Greece.

The scene of the first and greatest of epic poems, the Iliad of Homer, is laid, as all our readers know, in the Troad. According to the statements of the poem, it was the seat of a great war waged by the united forces of Greece against the king and people of Troy, and their allies, the tribes occupying various extensive districts in Asia Minor. The princes or chiefs of no less than twenty-nine Grecian states contributed ships and troops to the vast armament which was fitted out for the invasion of the Trojan

territory and the siege of Troy. The occasion of the war was the abduction of Helen, wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, in Peloponnesus, reputed the most beautiful woman of her time, by Paris, a son of Priam, King of Troy. For ten years the military prowess of the Trojans and their allies, and the strength of their fortifications, defied the efforts of the invaders. But at the end of this time the city was taken by stratagem, plundered of its treasures, and demolished. Then the confederate chieftains, having accomplished the avowed object of their expedition by restoring Helen to her husband, and perhaps its real object by the destruction of the powerful kingdom of Troy, set sail with the remnants of their forces on their return to their respective territories. The events of a few weeks in the last year of the siege form the subject of the Iliad. The Odyssey, the second great epic ascribed to Homer, is occupied with the adventures of Odusseus (Ulysses), one of the principal heroes of the war, who, after ten years wandering and sojourn in distant lands, subsequently to his departure from the Trojan coast, and the loss of his ships and followers, was restored to his home and kingdom, the island of Ithaca. From these two poems we obtain most of the information necessary to be kept in mind that we may clearly apprehend the object which Dr. Schliemann had before him in making his researches, and duly appreciate the historical importance of his discoveries, both in the Troad and at Mycenæ.

The most powerful of the princes who engaged in the expedition against Troy was Agamemnon, King of Mycenæ. His dominions extended over Achaia and Argolis, the northern and north-eastern portions of Peloponnesus, and many of the small islands of the Grecian Archipelago. The territory immediately subject to him did not include more than a third of the peninsula, although he is distinguished in the Homeric poems by the epithets "wide-ruling" and "king of men," and is said to have reigned over all Argos, meaning probably the whole of Peloponnesus. He seems, in fact, to have possessed a kind of feudal sovereignty over the other chieftains of that region, and an influence which extended to all the states of Greece. His ascendancy is ascribed by Thucydides, the most judicious and trustworthy of Greek historians, who wrote about 430 years before our era, principally to his naval superiority. He appears to have made good use of the long lines of deeply-indented sea-board, which formed the northern and eastern boundaries of his kingdom, and commanded both the northern and southern waters of Greece, to employ his subjects in navigation and commerce, and thereby to increase and enrich his population. His contingent to the united fleet which conveyed the Grecian armies to the shore of Troy was more than

one-twelfth of the whole, and Homer states that he also supplied sixty ships to the Arcadians, who, inhabiting the midland parts of Peloponnesus, had no vessels of their own.

According to Thucydides, Pelops, the grandfather of Agamemnon, was of Asiatic origin, and possessed of great wealth, which enabled him, when settled in Southern Greece, where the people were very poor, to acquire so much influence and power that the whole peninsula took its name from him, and was called Peloponnesus, or the Island of Pelops. The seat of his government was the western part of the peninsula, Argolis in the east being in his time under the rule of the descendant of Perseus, a mythical personage to whom is ascribed the founding of Mycenæ. Atreus, son of Pelops, having been banished by his father for the murder of his half-brother, was received and hospitably entertained by the Perseid Eurystheus, the King of Mycenæ, who was his sister's son. Thucydides further informs us that he was left in charge of the kingdom while Eurystheus was absent on an expedition against Attica, and on the death of Eurystheus in that war succeeded to the throne, with the hearty consent of the people of Mycenæ, whose favour he had taken great pains to secure. He seems to have inherited also the wealth and high position of his father, Pelops, and to have transmitted both, together with the crown of Argolis, through his brother Thyestes, to his son Agamemnon. Another son, Menelaus, obtained possession of the kingdom of Laconia, a large district of Peloponnesus south of Argolis, through his marriage with Helen, daughter of Tyn-dareus, king of that country, who abdicated in his favour. This acquisition greatly increased the power and ascendancy of the Pelopids, and especially of Agamemnon, the head of the family. So that, being unquestionably the first Grecian potentate of his time, and having so close a connection with the royal household which had been injured by the great Trojan aggression, the abduction of Helen, it was natural, and indeed inevitable, that he should be placed at the head of the confederacy formed by all the Grecian states for the purpose of avenging the outrage, and be invested with the supreme command of the expedition against Troy. This, again, greatly increased his consequence and authority; added to which, the final success of the invasion under his conduct, and the enfeeblement of the smaller states through the long continuance of the war, and the death of many of their chiefs, would have ensured him a supremacy and extent of dominion never before enjoyed by any Grecian monarch, but for the disaster which awaited his return.

Agamemnon had married Clytemnestra, the daughter of Tyndareus and sister of Helen. Of this marriage there were four children, three daughters and a son, named Orestes, who was quite an infant when his father left his house and kingdom to proceed on his voyage to Troy. During the ten years' absence of Agamemnon, his cousin, Ægisthus, son of Thyestes, who appears to have possessed great wealth and a considerable domain, as a prince of the royal house of Athens, practised, like the Claudius of Shakespeare, "with witchcraft of his wit," upon "the will of the most seeming virtuous queen," until he succeeded in persuading her to become his paramour, and to take up her abode in his mansion. Apprehending, we must suppose, that Agamemnon would, as soon as he arrived in his

own land, become apprised of this state of things, and take summary vengeance for his wrongs, Ægisthus employed a scout, to whom he promised an immense reward, to watch for his approach; and having received intelligence of his landing, which seems to have been somewhere in the vicinity of his own residence, proceeded to carry into effect the plan which, in concert with Clytemnestra, he had devised for his destruction. He went to meet the king with a grand cavalcade, and invited him and his retinue to his palace, where he had prepared a magnificent banquet in his honour. A band of twenty chosen men were secreted near the banqueting-hall, who, on an appointed signal, rushed in and attacked the guests. Agamemnon and his warriors defended themselves with such desperation, that although they were all slain, not one of their assailants survived. At the same time perished Cassandra, a daughter of Priam, renowned as a prophetess, who had been assigned to Agamemnon as a slave and concubine in the distribution of the captives taken in Troy. Clytemnestra killed her with her own hand. For seven years Ægisthus ruled in Mycenæ, and was then slain, with Clytemnestra, by Orestes, son of Agamemnon. Such is the Homeric and earliest version, given in the *Odyssey*, of this celebrated story, which, in after-times, became a favourite subject with the Grecian Tragic Muse. The tragedians, however, while following this account in the main, drew information from other legends which were, perhaps, considered of equal authority with those embodied in the *Odyssey*. They, together with Pindar, the lyric poet, who was contemporary with the earliest of them, recognise as an admitted fact a circumstance certainly unknown to the author or authors of the two great epics—the sacrifice of Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, to propitiate the goddess Artemis (Diana), when the fleet, on its voyage to Troy, was detained by contrary winds, through her supposed resentment of an affront offered to her. One remarkable myth, which is the groundwork of two of the finest tragedies of Euripides, recounted that, at the moment of the intended sacrifice, Iphigenia was withdrawn by the intervention of the appeased goddess, and a deer substituted as the victim. But the other tragic writers, and Euripides himself in others of his dramas, represent the sacrifice as having been actually effected. And to this they attribute the alienation of Clytemnestra's affections from her husband. At least, they introduce her as alleging the sacrifice of her daughter in justification of the murder of Agamemnon. These poets also assign to Clytemnestra personally the perpetration of the murder. According to them, she received Agamemnon with great ostentation of honour and affection, conducted him to a bath for refreshment on his arrival, contrived to entangle him in his bathing-dress, and despatched him with an axe. They differ also from the Homeric statement as to the scene of the assassination, placing it in the palace of Agamemnon in Argos, or presumably Mycenæ, a variation which is of considerable importance in relation to Dr. Schliemann's discoveries. The final catastrophe of this unhappy family, which, in the *Odyssey*, is very briefly related, is made by each of the three great tragedians the subject of a distinct drama. Orestes, the infant son of Agamemnon, was saved from the murderer Ægisthus by his sister Electra, and conveyed out of the country, but when arrived at maturity returned in disguise, and avenged his father's death

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by killing his mother and Ægisthus in his ancestral palace, and on the very spot on which they had committed their crime.

The impersonations of the characters of this story, and the representation of its incidents, in the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, are among the grandest conceptions of Greek poetry. They are surpassed only by the creations of the genius of our own great dramatist, to some of which, indeed, they exhibit a remarkable similarity. Orestes, impelled by fate, and instigated by oracular utterances, to revenge his father's murder, is the Hamlet of Attic tragedy. Ægisthus, the crafty adulterer and murderer, and the successor to the throne of his victim, has much in common with Claudius, King of Denmark. And Clytemnestra combines the criminal

Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon. Modern chronologists, however, among whom is Dr. Schliemann, are of opinion that the siege of Troy is to be referred to a date considerably more remote than this, and probably to the era of the conquests of Joshua.

Our readers will now be prepared to understand the deep interest with which the successful explorer of the ruins of Troy would enter upon an investigation of the ruins of the capital and royal abode of the celebrated chieftain under whom the Greeks had achieved the conquest of Troy, and who might reasonably be conjectured, as was currently believed, to have brought back with him a large portion of the spoils of the captured city. Dr. Schliemann's second enterprize had this advantage over the former, that whereas the site and even the existence of Troy had



DR. AND MRS. SCHLIEMANN.

characteristics of Gertrude (Hamlet's mother) and Lady Macbeth.

The period in the history of the world during which the events of which we have given an outline occurred is, according to the generally accepted chronology of Archbishop Usher, from the year 1194 to about 1160 B.C. Its commencement with the departure of Agamemnon for Troy, would correspond to the latter part of the time when Jair was judge of Israel, about seven years before the victory and judgeship of Jephthah, and its close to the succession of Eli to the government. It is somewhat remarkable that, if we accept this computation, Jephthah and Agamemnon, concerning whom incidents so nearly identical in character are related, were contemporary. The sacrifice, or dedication, of Jephthah's daughter must have occurred seven years after the sacrifice, or consecration as a virgin priestess, of

been matter of doubt among scholars and travellers, no one could possibly call in question the fact that the mounds and masses of rude masonry upon which he commenced his operations in Greece were the veritable remains of the Argive cities which flourished contemporaneously with Troy, and were its rivals in antiquity. Greek tradition, indeed, assigned to each of them a much earlier foundation than that of Troy. Argos was the most ancient, but Tiryns was believed to have been built as a fortress by Proetus, and afterwards Mycenæ by Perseus, several generations before the time of Agamemnon. The extensive ruins of these cities are remarkable for the specimens they afford of the rude and massive style of architecture, called Cyclopean, examples of which are also found in other parts of Greece, and in Italy and Asia Minor. Of the Cyclopes, to whom these works were attributed, we

know nothing except from mere fable and legend. In the *Odyssey* the Cyclopes are described as a tribe of gigantic monsters, living by pasturage, and inhabiting a country the situation of which is very indistinctly indicated. Hesiod, a poet of the Homeric age, says that the Cyclopes were the forgers of the thunderbolts of Zeus (Jupiter), that they were of immense strength, and skilled in art. They were called Cyclopes, "round-eyed," he states, because they had one eye in the middle of the forehead, a circumstance implied also—at least in the case of one of them—by Homer. Subsequent less fabulous legends inform us that Proetus brought Cyclopes from Lycia in Asia Minor, and employed them in building. Other accounts represent them as having come from Thrace. Mr. Paley, an eminent classical scholar, writes that "these legends preserve a dim tradition of the advent of a very ancient Pelasgic horde, who introduced the arts of pastoral life, architecture, and metallurgy from the East," and accounts for their name by supposing that they were "remarkable for roundness of face or some peculiar aspect of the eyes." Whoever they were, they are credited by the lyric poet, Pindar, and the tragedian, Euripides, with the construction of the capital and other cities of Argolis, which district the latter writer even terms "the Cyclopean land." The results of their labours are most abundant at Tiryns, a city situated near the sea on the south coast of Argolis, of which Dr. Wordsworth, the present Bishop of Lincoln, thus writes in his record of his visit to Greece:—"Exhibiting as it does the most ancient remains of the military architecture of Greece, and exciting the wonder of the beholder by the hugeness of the rude blocks with which its walls and galleries are constructed, and which called forth an epithet expressive of admiration even from the mouth of Homer himself, it survives as a striking monument of the power of men concerning whom all written history is silent. It arose and flourished in times antecedent to history, and seems to exist to make mythology credible. We are acquainted with Tiryns only as built by the Cyclopes, and as the early residence of Hercules." Large masses of Cyclopean work are also found at Mycenæ, the ruins of which, however, exhibit specimens of an advanced and a much more artistic style of architecture in the already known buildings to which Dr. Schliemann has directed his attention, and others which his exploration has brought to light. Colonel Leake, in his "Travels in the Morea," describes its Acropolis, or citadel, as about 400 yards in length and half as much in breadth, and as apparently having contained several interior enclosures. "The entire circuit of the citadel," he observes, "still exists, and in some places the walls are fifteen or twenty feet high." Two buildings have been especially noticed by ancient and modern travellers—a gateway forming the principal entrance to the Acropolis, over which are sculptured two lions about ten feet high, and a subterranean chamber of a circular form nearly fifty feet in diameter and forty-five in height, supposed to have been a treasury, and known by the name of the Treasury of Atreus. Both of these are described by Pausanias, a Greek topographer, who visited the place about A.D. 160, and they were both, in popular tradition, connected with the palace of Agamemnon. Pausanias also states that "there," evidently within one of the enclosures of the Acropolis, "is the sepulchre of Atreus and the tombs of all the comrades of Aga-

memnon, whom, on their return with him from Ilium, Ægisthus murdered after his banquet. The Lacedæmonians in the district near Amyclæ dispute about the tomb of Cassandra. But there is (in Mycenæ), beside the tomb of Atreus, the tomb of Agamemnon, and that of Eurymedon, his charioteer, and the tomb which contains his two sons by Cassandra, whom Ægisthus slew after their parents." He goes on to state that Clytemnestra and her paramour were buried without the city, they having been deemed unworthy of burial in the place where their victims lay. These tombs were the especial object of Dr. Schliemann's researches, and it is his belief that he has really discovered them.

Three years ago this indefatigable explorer, accompanied by his energetic wife, a true "helpmeet for him," commenced his work in the Acropolis of Mycenæ by sinking thirty-four shafts in different places, to probe the ground, and found the spots which it would be most desirable to excavate. In six of these, and especially in two about 100 yards from the Lion's Gate, he found encouraging results, and began extensive diggings, but met with such serious hindrances that he was obliged to discontinue his labours, which only in July last he was able to resume.

THE GREAT SMITH FAMILY.

FROM the Rev. Wilse Brown, Whitstone Rectory, Exeter, we have the following communication about two members of the "Great Smith Family."

A blacksmith, named Blythe Hurst, residing at Winlaton, in the county of Durham, not far from Newcastle-on-Tyne, taught himself Latin and Greek. He placed his book against the chimney of his forge, and read while he was blowing the fire. A report of his proficiency in those languages reached the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Maltby. The bishop sent for him, found that he was a good scholar, and asked if he would like to be ordained. The humble member of the great Smith family consented. Mrs. Maltby presented him with a gown. I was then holding the perpetual curacy of Egglestone, in the county of Durham, and heard that his demeanour while at Auckland Castle gave the bishop and clergy very great satisfaction. I cannot now recall to memory the date of his ordination. He got a title from Mr. Salvin, Vicar of Alston Moor, in Cumberland, and served Garigill, a chapelry in that parish. Then he became incumbent of the new church at Nenthead, in the same parish. The Clergy List for 1854 mentions him as perpetual curate of Sealey, Northumberland. In that year Dr. Maltby presented him to the perpetual curacy of Collierley, in the parish of Lanchester, county of Durham. A friend of mine, the Rev. J. L. Low, Vicar of Whittonstall, in Northumberland, informs me, in a letter dated March 14, 1877, that Mr. Hurst is still at Collierley, and adds: "I saw him, a venerable-looking old gentleman, at the laying the foundation-stone of a new church at Beamish, also in Lanchester parish, the year before last. He preached at the consecration of the same church, but the weather was so stormy that I could not get there. He is now called Dr. Hurst, but where the title comes from I know not." Mr. Low adds: "Another blacksmith of Winlaton, and con-

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temporary of Dr. Hurst, Mr. Alderman Laycock, is the sole proprietor of this parish (except my small domain of eight acres), and of I know not how much property besides in different parts of England. He bought this estate, which belonged to the Lords of the Admiralty, as part of the Derwentwater property, about four and a half years ago."

A boy, named John Horden, was educated at the Bluecoat School, on St. John's Foundation in Exeter. He became a blacksmith in a foundry in Exeter. Having improved himself by reading, he applied for the situation of master at a school at Teignmouth. The trustees of the school came to Exeter to have a personal interview, and found him working at the forge. A short time after this the Church Missionary Society proposed to him to go to James's River, in the Hudson's Bay Company's district, as a catechist. He accepted the offer, was married in three weeks, and sailed. At Moose Fort he learned the Indian languages, was ordained deacon, and then priest, and in 1872 came to England to be consecrated Bishop of Moosonee. The consecration took place in Westminster Abbey in November, 1872. His lordship visited several parts of England during the winter, to hold meetings and collect funds for his diocese. In April, 1873, he came to Exeter, where two of his sisters are now living, following the employment of dressmakers. On May 13th his lordship did my parish the honour of coming here and holding a meeting in my barn. He gave my parishioners a very clear and interesting account of his work among the Indians of those wild regions. On the following day his lordship baptized in my church the child of one of the tenant farmers of the parish. I may add that one of his aunts, daughter of a cottager in this parish, came into my father's service at the age of fifteen as under-nursemaid,

became subsequently lady's-maid, and lived twenty years in his house.

Your correspondent, in the history of the great Smith family, expresses a doubt that there was a sword cutler named Andrew Ferrara. I have no doubt that he existed, and, as the legends report, was a resident in Scotland. From this circumstance, during the Crimean War, I gave my parishioners at Egglestone a lecture on ancient and modern weapons. Three weeks afterwards the manager of the Teesdale Lead Mines asked me to repeat that lecture to his workmen. A farmer in the parish met me on the road one day, and, alluding to my lecture, asked if I had ever seen the old sword he had found in his milk-house. I went to his dwelling, and found the weapon was a basket-hilted broadsword. Two were found. The best the farmer had cut up to make gullies of (a large knife), and used them to chop turnips up. I bought the sword, rusty all over, and cleaned it. It is a fluted blade, double-edged for six inches from the point; two feet nine and a half inches long, and one and a half inches wide. On one side is the word "Andria," on the other the word "Firara." Italian scholars may be able to decide whether "Firara" was the ancient mode of spelling the name of the city in Italy now spelt "Ferrara." I think the interpretation of the words on the sword-blade is "Andria of Firara." These swords were probably taken in some of the frequent forays between the Scotch and English. I have no doubt myself that the sword cutler, so often mentioned as having lived in Scotland, was an emigrant from Italy, and turned his skill to advantage in the land where he found a home. I have the sword now; the original scabbard is on it, made of wood, covered with black leather.

WILSE BROWN.

SCHOOL INSPECTION DAY.

BY A NATIONAL SCHOOLMASTER.

WE propose sketching the scene in a public elementary school when her Majesty's inspector pays his annual visit to test the year's work. For the gross results of such examinations, we must refer our readers to the formidable Blue-book issued by the Education Department at Whitehall.

The major part of the scholars to be examined must have been present at least 250 school "attendances" of not less than two hours' duration, out of a possible 400 and odd of school meetings. And small as this number seems, all teachers find the greatest difficulty in keeping the minds of parents alive to the necessity of attending to it. The irregularity of school attendance is at the bottom of all the teacher's difficulties, and is likely to remain so until parents awake to their children's interests and progress, or voluntarily agree to the stern rules of the German Compulsory System. But the eventful "Inspection Day" arrives, and certainly it is not the fault of the teachers if the scholars are insensible to this fact, or the important issues depending on it. The whole of the "Government Grant" hangs on the results and work of this one particular day. And when we find the clergy and managers (for ours is a "national" not a "board" school) nervous about "results," both pecuniary and literary, it is not

wonderful that teachers and children participate and indeed exceed in such feelings. Much mental friction has been going on for the month or so preceding Examination Day. Even in the best and most skilfully organised schools, the minds of the children catch the anxious tone of the teachers, and there exists in all good schools a general impulse to do the very best, and in such schools there is a wholesome feeling of emulation and an honest intention of trying to reach the highest and often impossible standard of "passing a hundred per cent."

Do our readers know what this means? It includes individual examination, oral or written, or both, in each of the "six standards" in which the children are grouped, the boys in each of the standards passing separately under the lynx-like eyes of her Majesty's inspector, and satisfying him, from the small boy just six years old (we are not including the Infants' Schools examination) to the lad of twelve or thirteen, that he has mastered the elements of reading, writing, and ciphering. Such a test includes reading words of one or two syllables, for the lowest standard, up to the ability to read passages from Goldsmith or Milton, or a paragraph from a newspaper, in Standards V and VI; and, further, to answer questions in the meanings of the words and their

derivations. It would include writing in a bold hand easy words from dictation, up to being able to take down paragraphs dictated from the above books, and the ability to write a theme or letter on a subject chosen by the inspector; while in arithmetic the small boy must work addition and subtraction sums up to thousands, and his more elderly schoolfellow follow, step by step, a problem in rule of three, or vulgar and decimal fractions. Supplement these qualifications by graduated questions in geography, history, and grammar, and in the more ambitious schools by testing the older boys in a paper on animal physiology, mechanics, algebra, and French or Latin (easy grammar and translation), etc., and we shall have a fair view of the general work to be done on an Inspection Day. On minor matters, order, discipline, and singing, we need not dwell.

The eventful morning arrives. The school assembles, and even in murky courts in towns attempts a festive appearance. A handful of flowers in a jug on the teacher's desk; a general effort at best clothes, clean collars, and boots polished till friction can go no further; newly scrubbed floors and desks; chloride of lime downstairs, and ventilation, secured on this day if less attended to all the rest of the year. Your inspector is a very dragon at insisting on the useful theory of *mens sana in corpore sano*. Then is the roll called, and to the horror of the teacher, A, to begin with, is *desum* instead of *adsum*. Scouts are dispatched with pressing messages, for A B and C will positively earn no grant if absent, although they may be well able to "pass." Hence each parent, by a little negligence or selfishness, has it in his power to *fine* the school managers, and often the teachers, something varying from 10s. to 17s. A is ill, B has gone to see his aunt some fifty miles off, C is "wanted" at home.

Generally speaking, however, parents are too thoughtful to make these engagements coincide with Inspection Day. The clock strikes ten, and her Majesty's inspector appears, accompanied by his assistant. Such a flutter of youthful and adult pulses! All school statistics have to be prepared beforehand; and then comes the tug of war. An unnatural silence, the suppression of the slightest approach to levity on the part of any young "pickle," oftentimes by the stern seriousness of more experienced schoolfellows. The inspector must be a man of method, or the work will not be got through.

Talk of "busy whispers circling round" when the "dismal tidings" of the master's frown appears! It is a hundredfold worse if Mr. Inspector frowns. The bare possibility will make two hundred hearts quake and shudder. What will the sums be like? If three are given to a class, two must be right to secure a pass, and the prestige and honour of the school demand *three*. Nay; the master's friction for the past two months may have produced this somewhat artificial result. Suppose an artful problem is inserted? "How many hammer-heads, each weighing $1\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., can be made from a mass of iron weighing $2\frac{1}{10}$ tons?" was recently set to small boys in Standard iv.

Or, another example: "1,040 pairs of boots are bought for £1,011; if the shopkeeper wishes to gain ten guineas on the sale of them, at what price must he sell them per pair?"

Woe to the "copiers!" Dismissal from the room, loss of the individual boy's grant, and, worse still, the general disgrace attached to the whole school where such a malpractice is discovered. And notice

the inspector's artfulness in getting a knowledge of school work below the general smoothness of Inspection Day! He is too keen to take for granted that the good order and discipline he observes on this particular day is no exception to the general rule. He has been known to invite masters and teachers with the greatest suavity, while the examination is in progress, to a conference in some corner of the room. It is curious to observe that while *he faces the school*, the teachers find themselves artistically grouped so as to *face the opposite way!* Happy is the master who, under such circumstances, does not find the needful "hum" of school work supplemented by noises proceeding from chatterers.

Finally, there are "object lessons" in presence of the inspector, in which nervous teachers afford, perhaps, the most pitiable and striking "specimens." Thus the day's work closes, "Inspection Day" is over once more, and the head-master walks home, not seldom a sadder and nearly always a wiser man.

Efforts misdirected, force applied at a wrong point, the failures of careless pupils, and even of some before accounted clever and careful too—these are among the discouragements of the masters of schools. On the other hand, where work has been diligent and conscientious, where teachers have learned to labour as well as to wait, will come the healthful and hopeful reaction of the morrow, of a feeling that duties have been performed in no perfunctory spirit, and that pupils have been thought of as not mere money-making machines.

Honest, hard, and faithful work always produces results; often tangible, as, for instance, when a large school-grant comes; but there are some results which may not always be gauged and measured on "Inspection Day," and of such we are told that they who produce them will not lose their reward.

Irrespective of the triennial turmoil of our School Board elections, and the tangible reminder of "precepts," which metropolitan and other tax-payers receive most punctually every quarter, there comes to us at some seasons of the year a very springtide of educational news, somewhat overpowering.

The London School Board has lately been encouraging, with some effusion, scholarships, and a number of benevolent people have been aiding it by subscribing sums of £20 or £30, to assist deserving and clever boys towards getting a higher education than elementary schools afford. The theory seems to be that the chasm between the position of the clever "gutter child"—the phrase is neither kindly nor our own—and the University graduate may thus be possibly bridged over. To such boys Knowledge is in the future to "unfold her ample page, rich with the spoils of time." What the said child is to do, however, at the end of three years, when the tenure of the scholarship ceases, if he turn out, as most likely, no better than his new and more respectable schoolfellows, the founders of scholarships do not tell us. Will he "sink" into errand-boy or clerk life? There is something terrible in contemplating a number of poor boys thrown on the labour market, who have reached *τῷ τῷ*, or the 3rd Book of Euclid, and whose ambitious hopes have been blighted by the simple fact that there are thousands of their new and more favoured schoolfellows who can do as well as, or better, than they can, because they have had a better start. We neither pretend to solve this problem, nor are we disposed to be much crushed by the astounding results which Dr. Maclear

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found when he examined recently the papers for the "Clothworkers' scholarship." Those behind the scenes know that it is not always the *élite* of our elementary schools that compete, and that the residuum, who gave such distressingly bad answers as that Shakespeare's best work was "The Wide, Wide World," is accounted for by the fact that many of the schools send in candidates maugre the better judgments of the teachers.

It is very easy, nevertheless, to be discouraged by reading the bad results transpiring in this way, and general readers may be excused for allowing such facts to cause them some uneasiness when we remember the gigantic proportions of educational grants, and the wide-spread self-denial to foster and encourage elementary education. On the other hand, granting that success is attained, when a boy from our national and other schools is sent out into the world, say, at twelve or thirteen years of age, with the good foundation of being able to read, write, and cipher well, with a taste for healthy reading, and having, at least, an insight into English grammar and composition—we say nothing of moral training and religious teaching, although these may often be added, and are incomparably the most valuable—then, judged by these facts, we honestly believe there is much cause for congratulation in the work achieved.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

A JEALOUS AND REVENGEFUL SKYE TERRIER.

THE following remarkable instance of jealousy and revenge, exhibited by a Scotch terrier, is narrated by a distinguished Scotch lady in a work privately printed some years ago. "We had," says the lady in question, "a Skye terrier, named Oscar, which had a particular affection for Nanny, the dairymaid, and always accompanied her to the milking of the cows, for which attention she rewarded him with a basin of warm milk. He always went with her to her father's house at Lulathen on the Sunday evenings, a distance of two miles, after having been to the Established Church at Muirrees; but on occasion of the opening of the Free Church, in the parish of Monifieth, which is not far from the dwelling of Nanny's parents, he went there alone, remained in the tent during the forenoon service, was observed among the congregation in the new building in the afternoon, and we supposed he must have remained to the evening service, as he did not appear at home till past eleven o'clock at night, when he gave tongue at the window of the maid's room.

"Once or twice after this Nanny had inadvertently gone from home without him, and he had observed her caressing some strange dogs on the road, which threw him into such a paroxysm of jealousy that he nearly demolished her wardrobe. He went to the room where she and the other maid-servants kept their clothes, drew two of her best caps from a basket, carried them downstairs, and hid them among some shavings in the stick-house. Being unable to extract the straw bonnet from the basket, he chewed the strings of it, and tore up a handkerchief, and finished off by selecting a printed gown of hers from among those of her fellow-servants, and tore it to shreds.

"Great was poor Nanny's consternation when she discovered that the creature whom she always said 'had mair wit than many bodies' should be guilty of such misconduct, so she gave him a good thrashing, and he vanished from the house. No one saw him again for a couple of days, Nanny looking very mysterious all the time, and feeling assured that he had 'ower muckle wit.'

"The first intimation I received of his delinquency," adds the lady, "was from himself, when he came creeping to my feet and looking into my face, as if entreating forgiveness. He did not go to the byre with Nanny for more than a week after this, but, on mature deliberation, he made an advance to lick her hands, and she restored him to favour." D. W.

THE FLEA IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

It is a curious fact that these vermin were introduced into many parts of Polynesia by Europeans at a late date. The natives of Aitutaki sagely conjectured them to be the spirits of defunct white men. Fleas were introduced to Mangaia in 1823. They were conveyed to Rarotonga about the year 1820 by a Captain Goodenough, who discovered that island. But if fleas were late in coming, they have made abundant amends by their terrible multiplication. During a five years' residence at the village of Tamarua we saw only two, but of late they have become a perfect pest. The native practice of sleeping on dried grass covered with a mat is favourable to their rapid increase. In visiting the out-stations, to avoid being entirely devoured by them, we generally sleep in our clothes, boots and all. Sometimes I have tied the legs of my trousers with a piece of string to prevent the fleas from getting all over my person. They breed in the dust and sand, and seem to be ubiquitous. Once when riding along the sandy beach at Tahiti, near Point Venus, the fleas leaped out of the hot sand upon my legs. I spurred my horse to get clear of them. On Mangaia I have sometimes seen the legs of my white trousers black with these disgusting insects.

W. WYATT GILL.

OSTRICH FARMING AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

According to intelligence brought by the Cape mails, the system of "ostrich farming," which has of late years been established in South Africa, is growing in importance. The experience of ostrich-growers during the past season has proved more fully than ever that the supply of ostrich feathers is by no means equal to the demand, and a large increase in the number of establishments is probable. These "ostrich farms" were started some ten years ago, for the express purpose of breeding these "birds of the desert" and collecting their feathers, and a considerable amount of practical science is brought to bear in their management. The eggs are hatched either in incubators or by the parent birds themselves, according to the fancy of the farmer. The artificially-developed chickens are fully equal to those hatched in the natural way, and a great advantage in the use of incubators is the fact that eggs taken by the natives in the desert can be developed by their means. Breeders seldom begin to pair their birds till they are five years old, and even then do not always allow them to sit on their own eggs. The young birds are kept in "flocks,"

and a large extent of country, bounded by wire fencing, is kept for them to roam about in. Their food consists principally of Indian corn, tender herbs and grasses, and lucerne—flesh is utterly forbidden. The ostriches swallow a considerable quantity of sand and pebbles, which help to digest their food, and very queer substances are frequently taken from the crops or gizzards of dead birds. This fact has been immortalised in the lines, attributed to the Bishop of Winchester, which declare how the cassowary—first-cousin to the ostrich—"on the plains of Timbuctoo

"Ate the poor old missionary,
Body, bones, and hymn-book, too."

The young birds are very sociable and "domesticated," but some of the adults are really ferocious creatures, a kick from the leg of one of them being sufficient to stun a horse.

The feathers produced by the "tame" birds are fully equal to the best of those taken "wild" in the desert. The supply is, of course, far more regular, and yet, at the time we write, prices are rising. The profits derivable from a well-conducted ostrich farm are very large, as will be seen when it is added that a bird a few months old is worth £60 to £100, and that it will yield £7 worth of feathers when a year old, and an increasingly valuable supply every nine months.

THE HUNTED FOX.

The following anecdote is vouched for by a Scottish clergyman, nephew of the old lady who befriended poor Reynard.

Many stories have been told to illustrate the extraordinary sagacity, or what is commonly, but I think unfairly, called the cunning, of the fox. The singular shifts and devices resorted to by that clever animal to fling the hounds in pursuit of him off the scent or to escape their fury, have often excited my admiration, and I confess that in reading the details of a fox chase my sympathy always goes with the pursued, not with the pursuers. There is one anecdote of a fox saving his life by a bold and happy stroke which I know to be perfectly authentic, and have much pleasure in now putting on record. One day, during the hunting season, a lady was sitting in the dining-room of an old mansion-house in the south-west of Scotland, when she suddenly heard the sound of hounds and horn, and perceived that the chase was passing not far from her door. In a few minutes she was startled by the crash of a broken pane in a section of the bow window near which she was sitting. Looking round she saw that the damage had not been done by any stone or ball that had struck the glass, but by the hunted fox, which had thus made a desperate dash for his safety. Reynard was in the room, perfectly worn out with fatigue, and seemed piteously to implore protection. The lady of the mansion would not have been a woman had she not sheltered the poor animal who had flung himself upon her mercy. She instantly opened a wall-press in the room, and, as she pointed to the bottom of it, the fox entered and allowed himself to be securely shut in. The shutter was closed upon the broken pane, and a few hounds that appeared in front of the house, after running suspiciously about for a little, were called off to join the pack. The lady from her window had the satisfaction of seeing the huntsmen at some distance digging away for half-an-hour at a covered

drain in which they suspected the fox had taken refuge, and through which he had probably passed. After their fruitless search "the field" went off disappointed, having had a capital run, but lost their fox. Meanwhile "the villain," as some of the sportsmen called him, lay safe in his snug quarters. He was allowed to remain in the house all night, and in the morning he was offered by his kind protector a good breakfast of porridge and milk, of which he heartily partook. The worthy Scotch lady, in telling the story, used to conclude by saying that when the fox had finished his breakfast, "he waggit his tail and gaed his ways."

THE "SABBATH-STONE" OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND COAL-PITS.

In the recesses of the Northumberland coal-pits, a party-coloured clay, consisting of grey and black layers, is found, which bears the name of "Sabbath-stone." The springs which ooze into the pits are charged with a fine impalpable pipe-clay, which they deposit in the pools of water of the deserted workings, and which is of a pale-grey colour, approaching to white. When the miners are at work, however, a light black dust, struck by their tools from the coal, and carried by currents of air into the recesses of the mine, is deposited along with it, and, in consequence, each day's work is marked by a thin black layer in the mass, while each night, during which there is a cessation of labour, is represented by a pale layer, which exhibits the natural colour of the clay. And when a cross section of the substance thus deposited comes to be made, every week of regular employment is found to be represented by a group of six black streaks, closely lined off on a pale ground, and each Sabbath by a broad, pale streak, interposed between each group, exactly such a space, in short, as a clerk, in keeping tally, would leave between his faggots of strokes. In this curious record, a holiday takes its place among the working-days like a second Sabbath. "How comes this week to have two Sabbaths?" inquired a gentleman to whom a specimen was shown at one of the pits. "The blank Friday," replied the foreman, "was the day of the races." "And what," said the visitor, "means this large, empty space, a full fortnight and more in breadth?" "Oh, that space," rejoined the foreman, "shows the time of the strike for wages; the men stood out for three weeks, and then gave in."

In fine, the "Sabbath-stone" of the Northumberland coal-mines is a sort of geological register of the work done in them—a sort of natural tally, in which the sedimentary agent keeps the chalk, and which tells when the miners labour and when they rest, and whether they keep their Sabbaths intact or encroach upon them. One would scarcely expect to find of transactions so humble a record in the heart of a stone, but it may serve to show, however curious that narrative might be, could we but read it aright, what lies couched in the party-coloured layers of the Morayshire Wealden. All its many beds—green, black, and grey, argillaceous and calcareous—may be regarded as recording the workings of nature with alternating repose, in a time of frequent vicissitude, and, amid its annals of chemical and mechanical changes, embodying in many an episodic little passage its exhibitions of anatomical structure and its anecdotes of animal life.

D. W.

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Stars.

STARS of the night, through space unbounded
gleaming,

Points in the darkness to our feeble sight;
Worlds upon worlds, with glad existence teeming,
To the great vision of the Infinite!
Vainly, in hours of midnight contemplation,
My spirit seeks to grasp your vast display,
Till mind, till effort, thought, imagination,
Into their native nothing die away.

Yet, while the awful, the bewild'ring splendour
Of starry heaven fills my soul with fear,
A word of love, a message sweet and tender,
Breathes consolation in my list'ning ear.
The hand that holds these countless worlds in being
Clasps mine to lead me through life's troubled ways;
The eye of God through space unmeasured seeing,
Bends on my helpless soul compassion's gaze.

Creatures exult in songs of adoration
Through realms of light unstained since light had
birth;
And, won from hearts where grace has wrought
salvation,
The voice of praise ascends through all the earth;
Yet, while the universal chorus, blending
Into one Alleluia, gains the throne,
The God of Love, to listen condescending,
Receives this feeble tribute for His own.

No sight of the immeasurable glory,
The endless march through boundless fields of space,
Can ever hide from me the wondrous story
Of Love that bent to save our sinful race.
No vision, half ecstatic, half appalling,
Of realms where might and grandeur find no end,
Can hinder my confiding soul from calling
The God of all my Father and my Friend.

CLARA J. ROGERS.

Varieties.

NEGRO LABOUR.—Much has been said and written about the difficulty of getting negroes to work, and the necessity for importing Coolies into the West Indies. The testimony of Mr. R. Fautleroy, as given in the "Times," is worth noting:—"For many years I resided continuously in the most notorious district of Jamaica, then known as St. Thomas in the East. I left England for Port Morant soon after the 'Rebellion' of 1865, and, without solicitation or personal knowledge, I reluctantly accepted the offer of the Governor to become for a term Custos Rotulorum (unpaid); my commission as J.P. I still hold, being now absent from Jamaica for a short time only. As an employer of negroes I cannot truthfully speak of them as your correspondent does, for an over-supply of well-fed black people were daily to be found at my factory gates; one day a celebrated London engineer (then resident under my roof) remarked that I had sent away upwards of eighty, having no room for more. In no way did I treat negroes differently from my custom previ-

ously with my English labourers for a score of years, and so my bamboo and cacao were satisfactorily collected and prepared for the paper manufacturer at a cost (including wages of all classes) not exceeding 1s. per head per day, and frequently as low as 10½d. We worked hard from seven until eleven, then we rested till noon, resuming work until four; but, without extra pay, many volunteers would work later whenever their own work seemed (to them) to require it. From the day I landed from the royal mail steamer until now my opinion of black people has been unaltered, and I would sooner direct 500 of them than 100 British working-men. None of these terribly ignorant, 'debased' St. Thomas peasantry ever robbed me, were rude to me, or put me in court, and I had no occasion ever to sue them; indeed, I entered the Aceldama (I mean the Morant Bay Court-hall for the first time when, at the desire of his Excellency, I took the oaths and my seat as chief magistrate to try twenty-six cases. You will admit, sir, that it would be ungrateful and cowardly in me to be silent after reading your correspondent's words—'it will be absolutely necessary to import a fresh supply of labour.' Such is, indeed, not the fact. My own experience will be confirmed by other employers, who, working in a quiet, God-fearing manner, are somehow taken no note of, while gentlemen of position who interest themselves in the importation (at a vast annual cost, and increase to our Public Debt) of many thousands of weakly, puny Coolies, are eagerly listened to. In one year (while I was custos) 140 died in the small district around my house; each had cost £16 to import, and, at the end of their term, each one aged sixteen and upwards (male and female) would have been paid by Government a bonus of £12, and all aged three years and under sixteen would have received £6. Better food I have seen supplied to these heathens than poor white men can buy; and, knowing what I do know from hearing the never-ending complaints of the Creole negroes against the Asiatics, I protest against the statement that 'more labourers are wanted.' The sugar estates employ 30,000, and 450,000 manage to live apart from the large planters. Any Englishman, moral, kind, firm, and good-tempered, may go to Jamaica and easily get hundreds of competent hands; it is but a question of management."

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.—In no respect did Wordsworth appear to more advantage than in his conduct to Hartley Coleridge, who lived in his neighbourhood. The weakness—the special vice—of that poor, gentle, hopeless being, is universally known by the publication of his *Life*; and I am therefore free to say that, as long as there was any chance of good from remonstrance and rebuke, Wordsworth administered both, sternly and faithfully; but, when nothing more than pity and help was possible, Wordsworth treated him as gently as if he had been—what, indeed, he was in our eyes—a sick child. I have nothing to tell of poor Hartley, of my own knowledge. Except meeting him on the road, I knew nothing of him. I recoiled from acquaintanceship—seeing how burdensome it was in the case of persons less busy than myself, and not having, to say the truth, courage to accept the conditions on which his wonderfully beautiful conversation might be enjoyed. The simple fact is that I was in company with him five times; and all those five times he was drunk. I should think there are few solitary ladies, whose time is valuable, who would encourage intercourse with him after that. Yet I quite understood the tenderness and earnestness with which he was tended in his last illness, and the sorrow with which he was missed by his personal friends. I witnessed his funeral; and as I saw his grey-headed old friend, Wordsworth, bending over his grave that winter morning, I felt that the aged mourner might well enjoy such support as could arise from a sense of duty faithfully performed to the being who was too weak for the conflicts of life. On his tombstone, which stands near Wordsworth's own, is the cross, wreathed with the thorny crown, and the inscription, so touching in this case, "By Thy Cross and Passion, Good Lord, deliver me!"—*Harriet Martineau's Autobiography.*

LORD RONALD GOWER AS ARTIST AND AUTHOR.—One of the most striking works in the Sculpture Gallery of the Royal Academy this year is the figure of the wounded soldier of the Imperial Guard, supposed to be echoing the cry, "La garde meurt, ne se rend pas." Lord Ronald Gower has shown genius as an artist, as he has already shown taste and industry as an author. From the "Times" notice of his book on the "Clouet Gallery" we give an extract relating to some of the historical portraits of Castle Howard. The portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, which is styled in old writing, "Marie royne descoce en le age de neuf ans ed six mois Lan 1552. Av mois de Juillet," is an exceedingly interesting one of the series, although as an impression it is unfortunately not one of the

most successful. The expression of the face is certainly thoughtful, beyond the age given to the portrait, and the features are regular, with eyes remarkable for fulness, and drooping lids with long silky eyelashes, the general form of the head being oval, with rather full cheek bones and good chin. If the unhappy Mary Stuart retained as a woman only half of the beauty of this portrait of her as a child, she must have been all that Brantôme described when he said, "No man ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow." The romance of history has led us to imagine she was as beautiful as the numerous portraits, not very much to be relied upon, it is true, would make us believe. There were no less than thirteen portraits of Mary Queen of Scots in the first Exhibition of National Portraits at South Kensington in 1866. One of them was by François Clouet, from the collection of the Earl of Leven and Melville, and it bore the signature of "F. Clouet dit (dit) Janet." It was a bust portrait on canvas, life size, and showed rather a close resemblance to another, which was a full-length on panel by Nicholas Hilliard, the miniaturist, belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury, and specially interesting as bearing the date 1578, when she was thirty-six, and then ten years a prisoner of State. In the Exhibition of Miniature Portraits, 1865, there were several of the Queen, one of which was a copy of that in the Royal collection by Isaac Oliver, contemporary with Hilliard and Zuechero, which formerly belonged to the notorious Dr. Mead, and is the original of the engraved portrait by Houbraken; there were also two which came from Lord Spencer's collection that should be referred to in connection with these works of François Clouet, as they are considered to be at least of his school. These miniatures are portraits of Mary and the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II, at the time of their marriage in 1559. It is remarkable that contemporary writers describe Mary as having black hair and dark grey eyes, an exquisite complexion, with hands delicately modelled, and a figure that was majestic; but most of the portraits give her auburn hair, and some even bright red, so that the supposition has arisen that this difference may be accounted for by her wearing false hair and varying the colour according to the fashion of the day.

THE COMMONS QUESTION.—The following scene is characteristic of English life, and worthy of being noted. Recently over 10,000 persons assembled on Wolstanton Marsh, near Burslem, for the purpose of witnessing the removal of some fences. Mr. De Morgan at first spoke at length upon the law of commons, and said that three courses were open to the commons in reference to the encroachments—viz., arbitration, proceedings in the Rolls Court, and the removal of the fences. He then called for a show of hands as to which course they preferred, and the vote was in favour of pulling down the fences. Mr. De Morgan next stated that if two men would come forward and join him, the three would cut down eight feet of fencing, which would be sufficient to assert their right. Captain Congreve, chief constable of the county of Staffordshire, then ascended the platform and said he had a large force of police at hand in case there should be a breach of the peace, but he was convinced that the police were not needed, as Mr. De Morgan's speech was temperate, and he believed the advice which he gave to be legal. If the people considered they had an interest in the ground, they might peaceably remove the fences. He should therefore ask the police to remain at a distance while he accompanied Mr. De Morgan. Loud cheers greeted this speech, and two men having volunteered to assist, the immense crowd proceeded to the fence and stood about a yard off while Mr. De Morgan cut through the first rail. After the fence had been removed, a number of the people walked on the ground which had been enclosed, and Mr. De Morgan declared it the property of the people. The proceedings then closed without any disturbance, and Mr. De Morgan returned with a brass band to Stoke-upon-Trent, where he was loudly cheered.

DECLINE OF THE PAPACY.—Cardinal Manning has been giving what he calls a true history of the Vatican Council, which declared the Infallibility of the Pope. He refers the origin of the Council to the sacred meditations of Pío Nono, who "saw the world which was once all Catholic tossed and harassed by the revolt of its intellect against the revelation of God, and of its will against his law; by the revolt of civil society against the sovereignty of God; and by the anti-Christian spirit which is driving on princes and governments towards anti-Christian revolutions. He to whom, in the words of St. John Chrysostom, the world was committed, saw in the Council of the Vatican the only adequate remedy for the world-wide evils of the nineteenth century." Upon this the "New York Observer" remarks: "It may have been very distressing to Pius the Ninth,

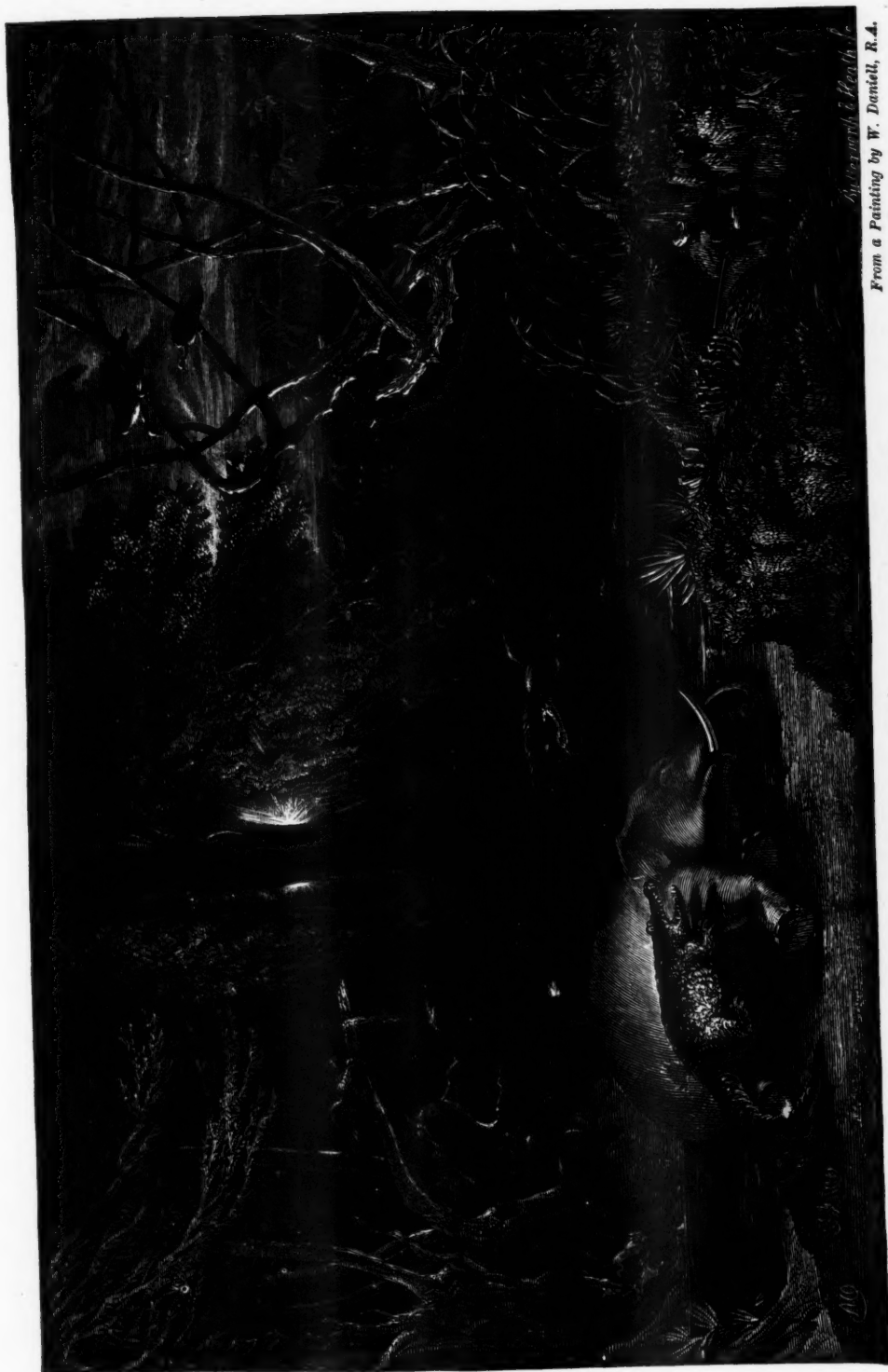
as he was 'looking out on the world' previous to the Council, to note what a change had come over it since 'the Middle Age,' which the Cardinal evidently regards as the golden age, the days of Gregory VII and other Papal tyrants; but it is the cause of devout thanksgiving to millions all over the world that 'the Middle Age' is past; that the tyranny of Rome has been broken; that the days of the Inquisition in Spain, the days of the murderous slaying of myriads of men, women, and children in the valleys and on the mountains of Piedmont; the days of such councils as that of Constance, by which the noble Huss was treacherously given up to the flames; the days of St. Bartholomew, when the butchery of tens of thousands of Protestants in France was celebrated with rejoicing and a grand Te Deum by the Pope at Rome—that those days are gone for ever, and that now there is not a single king or prince in any country of the world whom the Pope can address with the words of authority, or on whom he can call for aid as on the kings and princes of 'the Middle Age,' in keeping up his tyranny over the consciences of men."

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS IN 1876.—Englishmen are fond of figures, and a good list of statistics makes an imposing array in every movement. Such statistics are assuredly not wanting in regard to railway casualties. The Parliamentary return of last year's accidents reads like the record of a military engagement. The total number of deaths under three classes of accidents was 1,286, and of injuries, 6,112. There were 57 collisions between passenger trains of various sorts, causing the deaths of 27 passengers and 1 railway servant, injuring 509 passengers and 39 servants; 129 collisions between passenger and goods trains, resulting in the deaths of 8 passengers and 2 servants, and injuring 498 and 55 respectively; 57 collisions between goods trains, killing 6 servants and injuring 49, besides 5 other persons; 124 passenger trains left the rails, and there were 206 cases of trains running over cattle and other obstructions on the line. Accidents to trains, permanent way, rolling stock, etc., caused the death of 65 persons, and injured 1,486, which cases are thus classified:—Passengers, 36 killed and 1,245 injured; railway servants, 28 killed and 236 injured; other persons, 1 killed, 5 injured. The accidents are again subdivided into three classes, to reduce the responsibility of the companies as much as possible, from which it appears that 101 passengers and 630 servants were killed from their own misconduct or want of caution; 604 passengers and 2,216 servants injured; 38 passengers and 43 servants killed; and 1,279 passengers and 384 servants injured from causes beyond their own control! Besides these disasters, 59 persons were killed and 30 injured at level crossings; 3 passengers killed and 27 injured by falling down steps at stations; 23 servants killed and 1,272 injured while engaged in their duties in warehouses, goods-yards, and sheds. This summary by no means exhausts the catalogue; but one fact deserves notice. After all possible subtraction, we have the official report that 43 railway servants were killed and 384 injured from "causes beyond their own control." What compensation has been made to their families?—*Railway Service Gazette.*

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND EDMUND BURKE.—Samuel Rogers, the poet, told the Dean of Westminster that when he was a boy he remembered being present at Sir Joshua Reynolds's last lecture, and at the end of the lecture he saw Mr. Burke go up to Sir Joshua, and on that solemn occasion quote the lines from "Paradise Lost"—

"The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he, awhile,
Thought him still speaking."

FOREST SCENE IN CEYLON.—The remarkable scene which forms our July frontispiece was painted and engraved by William Daniell, R.A., and published by him in conjunction with R. Ackermann, Strand, London, in June 1827. Mr. Daniell thus described the subject which suggested the picture:—"A party of English gentlemen on a shooting excursion in the island of Ceylon, arriving at the side of a lake at the dawn of the day, descried a dead elephant of an enormous size lying near the water's edge. An alligator had mounted the carcass and kept possession of the prey until he had gorged his fill. The animal next in strength then gained possession, and the weaker creatures came on in succession; jackals, adjutants, vultures, and other predatory birds and beasts were all on the alert. The astonished beholders ordered a black servant in advance of the party to fire, when a scene of confusion ensued which may be imagined but cannot be described." Mr. Daniell's picture is a fine mezzotint engraving, the striking effect of which can be very imperfectly represented in a woodcut. The print, we believe, is rare, at least we have only seen this copy.



From a Painting by W. Daniell, R.A.

FOREST SCENE IN CEYLON